Bishop of Bristol

AN

ODE

ON

Saint CÆCILIA's Day,

ADAPTED TO

The Antient *BRITISH* MUSICK:

VIZ.

The SALT-BOX, the JEWS HARP, the MARROW-BONES and CLEAVERS, the HUM-STRUM or HURDY-GURDY, *&c.*

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION,

Giving ſome Account of

Theſe TRULY BRITISH Inſtruments.

By BONNELL THORNTON, Eſquire.

Cedite, Tibicines Itali, vos cedite, Galli;
Dico iterum vobis, cedite, Tibicines.
Cedite, Tibicines, vobis ter dico; quaterque
Jam vobis dico, cedite, Tibicines. **Alex. Heinſius.**

LONDON,

Sold by T. BECKET, and P. A. DE HONDT, in the *Strand*; R. DAVIS, in *Piccadilly*; C. HENDERSON, under the *Royal Exchange*; and J. GARDNER, in *Charles Street*, near *Parliament Street*, *Weſtminſter*.—M DCC LXIII.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

This is entered at the Stamp-Office, and whoever presumes to print it, will be prosecuted according to Law.

9. 4
840.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TRANSLATION of the MOTTO.

Yield, Yield, ye Fiddlers, French, Italians,
Yield, Yield, I ſay again—Raſcalions.
One, two, three Times I ſay, Fiddlers, give o'er;
Yield ye, I now ſay, Times 1, 2, 3, 4.

OVERTURE.

As the MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, to which the following ODE is peculiarly adapted, have (on account of the *Falſe Taſte* which has long prevailed) grown into Diſrepute, and are conſequently very little known in the Polite World, it will be proper to give ſome Account of them.

THE JUDAIC, or (as it is commonly called) JEWS-HARP, ſpeaks its Origin in its Appellation; and, indeed, the very Twanging of it's Sound ſeems admirably qualified to accompany the guttural *Hebrew* Language: Though a learned Critic of my Acquaintance is rather inclined to think, that this Inſtrument is of a more modern Invention; and from it's Poſition, when played upon, he conjectures, that JEWS HARP is only a Corruption of it's original Name JAWS HARP.

I am ſorry I can give no certain Account of thoſe two incomparable Inſtruments, the SALT-BOX and the HUM-STRUM or HURDY-GURDY: But it is reaſonable to conclude, that the firſt was uſually performed on at *Feſtivals*, and the other at *Funerals* and on *ſerious* Occaſions.

The

The MARROW-BONES and CLEAVERS are undoubtedly *our own* Invention, and do Honour to the *Britiſh* Nation. Theſe were originally made uſe of in our *Wars*; when our brave Anceſtors ruſhed on their Enemies, (like the ancient *Gauls*) claſhing their Weapons, and ready to *knock* or *cleave* them down with thoſe very Inſtruments, on which they could beat ſo terrible an Alarm. Indeed, ſince the pernicious Introduction of *Fire-Arms*, the MARROW-BONES and CLEAVERS have quitted the Scenes of Human Slaughter, and are now confined entirely to the Shambles.

If this ODE, and the Performance of it, contributes to leſſen our *Falſe Taſte* in admiring that *foreign* Muſick now ſo much in Vogue, both the Writer's and the Compoſer's Intention will be anſwered.

DRYDEN and POPE have been immortalized for their ODES *on St.* Cæcilia's *Day:* But theſe were unhappily adapted to the common Inſtruments, which Ignorance and *Falſe Taſte* has introduced among us. I make no doubt, but that all, who ſhall be preſent at the Performance of this ODE at *Ranelagh* on the Tenth of *June* next, will at leaſt commend me for my Endeavours to bring theſe noble long-neglected Inſtruments (the SALT-BOX, the JEWS-HARP, the MARROW-BONES and CLEAVERS, and the HURDY-GURDY) into Notice, whatever Opinion they may have of the ODE itſelf.

N. B. I have ſtrictly adhered to the Rule of making *the Sound echo to the Senſe.*

May 30, 1763.

AN

ODE

ON

Saint CÆCILIA's Day.

PART I.

OVERTURE.

RECITATIVE *Accompanied.*

BE dumb, be dumb, ye inharmonious Sounds,
And Muſick, that th' aſtoniſh'd Ear with Diſcord wounds:
No more let common Rhymes profane the Day,

GRAND CHORUS.

Grac'd with divine CÆCILIA's Name;
Let ſolemn Hymns this awful Feaſt proclaim,
And heav'nly Notes conſpire to raiſe the heav'nly Lay.

RECITATIVE *Accompanied.*

The meaner Melody we ſcorn,
Which vulgar Inſtruments afford;
Shrill *Flute*, ſharp *Fiddle*, bellowing *Horn*,
Rumbling *Baſſoon*, or tinkling *Harpſichord*.

AIR.

In Strains more exalted the SALT-BOX ſhall join,
And Clattering, and Battering, and Clapping combine:
With a Rap and a Tap while the hollow Side ſounds,
Up and down leaps the Flap, and with Rattling rebounds.

RECITATIVE.

Strike, Strike the ſoft JUDAIC HARP,
Soft and Sharp,
By Teeth coercive in firm Durance kept,
And lightly by the volant Finger ſwept.

AIR.

AIR.

Buzzing twangs the IRON LYRE,
Shrilly Thrilling,
Trembling, Trilling,
Whizzing with the wav'ring Wire.

A GRAND SYMPHONY,

Accompanied with MARROW-BONES *and* CLEAVERS.

AIR.

Hark, how the Banging MARROW-BONES
Make Clanging CLEAVERS Ring,
With a Ding Dong, Ding Dong,
Ding Dong, Ding Dong,
Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Ding.
Raise your Uplifted Arms on High;
In Long-Prolonged Tones
Let CLEAVERS sound
A Merry Merry Round
By Banging MARROW-BONES.

FULL CHORUS.

Hark, how the Banging MARROW-BONES
Make Clanging CLEAVERS *Ring,*
With a Ding Dong, Ding Dong,
Ding Dong, Ding Dong,
Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Ding.
Raiſe your Uplifted Arms on High;
In Long-Prolonged Tones
Let CLEAVERS *ſound*
A Merry Merry Round
By Banging MARROW-BONES.

RECITATIVE *Accompanied.*

Ceaſe, lighter Numbers: Hither bring
The undulating STRING
Stretch'd out, and to the tumid BLADDER
In Amity harmonious bound;
Then deeper ſwell the Notes and ſadder,
And let the hoarſe Baſe ſlowly ſolemn ſound.

AIR.

AIR.

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy Hums,
With mournful Moans,
And grievous Groans,
The ſober * HURDY-GURDY thrums.

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* This Inſtrument, by the Learned, is ſometimes called a HUM-STRUM.

PART

AIR.

PART II.

In Order that the Hearers, as well as the Performers, may have ſome Relief, it has been judged proper to divide this ODE *into two Parts; but the Pauſe, in the Performance, is intended to be very ſhort.*

RECITATIVE. *Accompanied.*

WITH Magick Sounds, like theſe, did ORPHEUS' Lyre
Motion, Senſe, and Life inſpire;
When, as he play'd, the liſt'ning Flood
Still'd it's loquacious Waves, and ſilent ſtood;
The Trees ſwift-bounding danc'd with looſen'd Stumps,
And ſluggiſh Stones caper'd in active Jumps.

AIR

AIR.

Each ruddy-breasted Robin
The Concert bore a Bob in,
And ev'ry hooting Owl around;
The croaking Frogs,
The grunting Hogs,
All, all conspir'd to raise th' enliv'ning Sound.

RECITATIVE.

Now to CÆCILIA, heav'nly Maid,
Your loud united Voices raise:
With solemn Hymns to celebrate her Praise,
Each Instrument shall lend it's Aid.
The SALT-Box with Clattering and Clapping shall sound,
The IRON LYRE
Buzzing twang with wav'ring Wire,
With heavy Hum
The Sober HURDY-GURDY thrum,
And the Merry Merry MARROW-BONES ring round.

LAST

ODE, &c.

LAST GRAND CHORUS.

Such matchleſs Strains CÆCILIA knew,
When Audience from their heav'nly Sphere,
By Harmony's ſtrong Pow'r, ſhe drew,
Whilſt liſt'ning Angels gladly ſtoop'd to hear.